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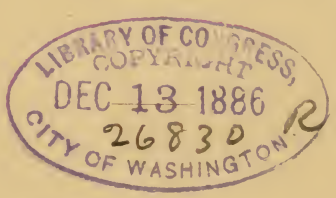
# WHAT IS A FLOWER TO THEE?

# What is a Flower to Thee?

BY

S. A. W.

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A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more.

*Wordsworth.*

WHAT is a flower to thee?

A HERALD of the beautiful new Spring,
A voice that calls me to the woods away:
Too frail a thing to hold within my hand,
But fitting gift for merry blue-eyed girl,
And just in time to crown her queen of May.

What is a flower to thee?

SOMETHING to love and fondly to caress,
To shelter from rude winds in sunny homes,
Lovely to deck the hair on festal day,
Or in *sub rosa* bower, the ear attent
To words of love, a ready victim for
An idle hand, ruthless to tear apart.

## What is a flower to thee?

A PERFUME that can waft me far away
To fairy scenes, beneath a southern sky,
Where youthful glow of morning life was spent;
Or, rare exotic breath speeds me to fair
Pacific isle, and through the tropics, rich
With birds and gems, wings my exultant flight,
Till some material touch, or word, or look,
Calls me reluctant to my workday sphere.

## What is a flower to thee?

JUNE'S sapphire sky is bending o'er the earth,
And Summer, breathing odors sweet, leads forth
The glory of a perfect day, our bliss
To consummate. Fresh orange blossoms crown
This fair, true woman at my side. How soon
She will be mine! A few swift droppings of
The sands of time, a few strong words and we
Are one. Henceforth the flush of Summer bloom,
The breath of orange flowers, recalls our vows,
The solemn "Wilt thou" and the sweet "I will."

WHAT is a flower to thee?

DEAR companion in a shaded room:
Can I be sad when they have come, the dear,
Bright flowers, fresh from the garden and the fields,
Bringing a wave of Summer air, and gleams
Of golden light, like happy children in
Their artless innocence?
Or it may be
A voiceful messenger from absent friend,
The genial presence of mute sympathy.
Others admire, they can not read my flower.

WHAT is a flower to thee?

MIRACLE of loveliness, wrought by
A hand divine, from earthly chemicals.
Earth, air and sky are in the lowly flower,
Yes, God himself is in the speaking form;
For me he made it spring, and bud and bloom:
His seal of love upon the breast of earth.

WHAT is a flower to thee?

DEEP, sweet lesson to be slowly learned.
My soul bow reverent as disciple true.
And quaff the wisdom from above.
God cares
For flowers. Their transitory life he makes
Complete. Purple of kings grows dim beside
The opening flower. Have faith my soul! God cares
For thee. The seed in weakness sown is raised
In glorious incorruption, and in power.
A body as shall please Him thou shalt have.
Faultless, complete, in his own image made.

WHAT is a flower to thee?

FITTING emblem of this mortal life.
A rose can never be a bud again.
Hoar age can ne'er resume the flush of youth.
And death, inexorable death, consumes.
—Greeting of dust to quick, pulsating dust,
When little children press with tender feet
The lap of mother earth and grasp a flower.
—A farewell sweet, laid on the marble clay,
When eyes that wept have closed to weep no more.

WHAT is a flower to thee?

AN angel thought borne on bright wings from heaven,
Recalling that celestial flower, the Rose
Of Sharon blooming there. O heart of mine,
Till thou shalt rise with Him, for others give
Thy sweetness and thy strength!
While now I hold
This flower, fairer than all beside, this pure
White lily of a day, translucid, frail,
Scarce needing change to bloom in bowers above,
I seem to touch the human hand of Christ,
The infant Jesus in his mother's arms.

Bring flowers to crown the festal board,
Bring flowers — the bride is near ;
Bring flowers to soothe the captive's cell.
Bring flowers to strew the bier !

*Mrs. Landon.*

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